MR. PEEBODY'S SOILED TROUSERS & OTHER DELIGHTS

ISSUE#Swlabr

Sept.2000

Hello. My name is Jay. I'm an average white male in his late twenties. I live in New England, therefore I have a cold disposition and I talk funny. I also own a used cd/record shop, so that makes me even more of an asshole.

On the front cover we have from left to right: Nick, Shawn, Cherry, Larry, Dan, Alex and Jason with Champ down in front.

Welcome to the sixth generation of Peebody. I'm much more satisfied with this one than the last which was a near complete snore-fest. This one's got a little more material of interest for the folks who are more like casual readers than intimate friends. So if possible, try to enjoy yourself!

Mr.Peebody's is $1 or trade or stamps or a friendly letter to Jay Koivu, PO Box 22, W.Townsend MA 01474 USA

Well, I still own a record store. Many of you may remember that in the last issue I damn near lost my business. For those who are in the dark, here's a quick summary. I own a used cd shop in Massachusetts. For the 1st half year that we were open we'd host hardcore, punk and emo shows. In January, during a show in which a rather large audience attended, a group of idiots gathered behind the building to drink beer and when the cops stopped by to make sure everything was ok they found that it wasn't. I was told to stop the show and tell 250 hardcore/punk kids, who had come to see Matt Kelly of the Dropkick Murphys do a reunion show with his old band Fit For Abuse, to go home.

The police said I was "in violation of more than 20 codes," which is a bit of hyperbole, but nonetheless I told them we wouldn't be doing anymore shows...except for the one we did the following night dubbed "The Secret Show." I didn't want to do it, I had to. It was That's All She Wrote's last show (there was a picture of it in the last issue) and they had helped me set up the first show I'd ever done. Plus there were bands coming from out of state that I couldn't get a hold of. And to add more fun to a fucked up situation, Rich Mackin and Duncan Wilder Johnson were coming out from Boston to do their spoken word bits and I didn't have their phone number either. So we decided to go ahead with it. I rushed all the bands with their equipment plus the tiny crowd into the backroom, turned off almost all the lights and locked the doors. I was totally stressed, cuz a cruiser pulled into the parking lot as one of the guys was bringing in a huge amp. But for some reason he didn't stop to question us. Once I had everyone inside the show started and though everyone was a little uneasy at first, everything turned out fine.

I received a written warning from the town a week later. After that a couple weeks time passed and I thought that would be the end of the matter. Not so. I got a letter from my landlord three weeks after the incident saying that they'd received the police report and wanted me out within a month's time. I immediately wrote a three paged letter

explaining the circumstances of what happened and told them it wouldn't happen again. In the meanwhile I was receiving letters of support from the parents of kids who went to the shows. Some kids even started a petition on my behalf. I sent copies of this stuff off to my landlord and I believe it helped, because within a couple weeks (very long weeks I might add), I got a letter from my landlord saying I could stay, though I'd be under a sort of probation. Other than the Secret Show, I've kept my word. But it's too bad it had to happen. This area is in great need of entertainment for teenagers. Kids find stuff to do when there's nothing provided for them. Around here that's usually drinking or drugs. Everyone says something should be done about it and no one ever does. What a marvelous cycle you've created.

ANNOYING PEOPLE YOU HAVE TO DEAL WITH WHEN RUNNING A USED CD SHOP

1. People ask if we're open when the sign says "closed" and all the lights are off.

2. People who don't look around and immediately ask where such-and-such is when it's right in front of them.

3. People who don't read signs.

4. People who don't read the signs that say "Some CDs have been removed from the cases" and then tell me, "There's no CD in this case."

5. People who ask if the CDs work.

6. People who ask if we're only selling the cases since there's no CDs in them.

7. People who walk behind the counter and start digging in the CDs that we'll taken out of the cases.

8. Kids that come in with one thing on their minds...buying that new Korn CD.

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Our New Digs

It's called the Film House. When Cherry and I moved in there was a smashing pile in the back and a pirate flag hanging from the front. It's what we call home now, up there on the third floor of 169B Myrtle Ave in Shitsburg, MA.

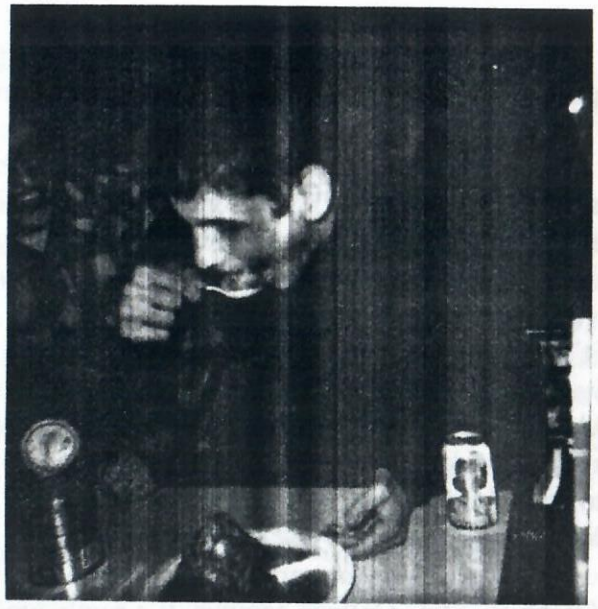
I guess it's called The Film House cuz a succession of film students have lived here. Right now I think Larry and maybe the Curtain Bros (Alex&Nick) are the only film majors in residence. In fact, aside from Punk Rock Dan Warz, they may be the only ones actually going to school out of the eight people that live here (...I'd say nine, but Champ only just thinks she's people.)

The House is located just four crappy apartment lengths away from the Fitchburg State College campus. It's pretty junkie looking on the outside and for the most part that translates to the inside. But it's a cool old house. For instances, we live on the 3rd floor but our front door is down a flight of stairs on the 2nd floor. And we have a backdoor, again on the 2nd floor, and the stairwell to it is located in our bathroom. Cherry doesn't like that too much, but I think it's neat-o. All the apartments are connected by the back stairway, which makes it cool if you're friends with the other people in the building.

The basement has become the practice space for the Bad Personalities who are mostly made up of kids that live or lived here. They play a kind of punk type music. My favorite song is "Oh, No Puppies!"

The rest of the house is often used as a skate park or fireworks battle zone, with most of action happening on the second floor.

Over the next few pages you can read a little bit about who lives here.



Larry - Larry lives on the 1st floor. I met him at the shows. It was there that I bet him $5 to eat US Government subsidized raw pork straight out of a can pilfered from a local high school cafeteria...and he did. Larry makes movies about capitalistic zombies.

Shawn - Shawn is the fiery redhead from the 2nd floor. He lives in the pantry and is a bit of a man of mystery. But I tell you this, there's a large black man in that boy yearning to be free.

Alex - Acting as the fairer half of the Alex & Nick Twin Tangent, Alex has taken up residence upon the 2nd floor. He played warden to Mr.Nibbles the Cat until she left to resume her life on the mean streets of Shitsburg.

Nick - He likes his mambo music, that Nick. His residence upon the 1st floor is fairly recent. Nick as Nick the Bear tried to severely maul me not too long ago. I can't say I like that very much.

Punk Rock Dan Warz - Dan is a fashionable gent. Why even when working for Mr.Nibbles he is attired in a dashing evening robe. Dan is a creative/destructive kinda guy. If he's not busy building something, he can be found blowing up something he already built.

Whenever I get the thirst for something interesting to read I open up a new copy of ARGttUP. It quenches my desire for ziney goodness. ARGttUP...It does the body good....Hurry! While supplies last! Send $4 to...A Reader's Guide to the Underground Press, PMB 2386, 537 Jones St, San Francisco CA 94102.

Jason - Jason got us into this mess. Seriously if it wasn't for him Cherry and I wouldn't be living here. Thanks a lot Jerkson! Ah, who am I trying to kid, I love that kid. He lives on the 2nd floor and once Morrissey plucked him from a clamoring mob.

Champ - Champ is another one of those silly sods from the 2nd floor. She lounges about indoors almost all day. But don't get me wrong, she's quite the active socialite. Champ's a bitch.

Cherry - She is my, how do you say, hot mama. Her taste in music is almost as good as mine...all right, I admit it..:her's is better. She likes to bounce on the couch and bed or jump on the floor in order to make the guys on the 2nd floor think that we are constantly having sex. Cherry finds famous people.

Jay's CD's - That's what I tend to be called around here. Can ya feel the love?

GOING TO CHURCH

Pastor Kevin of my grandmother's Baptist church here in West Townsend was gracious enough to lend me some tables for a zine fest I had a while ago. So I went down there one day to pick the stuff up. When I arrived I found there was no one there, so I let myself in with my gram's key (she's a deacon, so she gets a key I guess.) It was a very odd feeling to be in this place again. I'd attended a Summer Vacation Bible School thingy here way back some 20 or so years ago. I remember actually enjoying it for the most part. We did a lot of fun artsy craftsy stuff, which was cool, but the image that remains most clear to me was the time spent in the Sanctuary. The rows of pews, the altar upon the stage (with make shift baptismal pool), the red carpet and curtains, the stained glass windows...it all flooded back to me as I stood in the basement staring at the sign that says "Sanctuary" with the arrow pointing toward the stairs. Goddamn it, I had to take a peek.

I was more than a little nervous walking up the creaky, wooden steps. I don't like being in churches or any place where they do all that freaky chanting shit. Plus, I didn't think the Pastor would appreciate me snooping around his place and since he lives right down the street, I was afraid he might stop by at any time. But fuck, I couldn't stop myself.

The spiral, worn wooden stairs creaked under my feet. This building was built maybe a hundred years ago I think. As the Sanctuary opened up before me the vague memories became vivid. I was maybe 5 last time I was in this place. It doesn't have the stately beauty of many of the Catholic churches I've been in. Somehow it just feels more real though. Not quite so white, clean and neat. Seems like God would give more of a shit about these folks than the automatons that attend the pristine St.So-and-so's place.

At the back behind the pews there's a strange balcony with 2 sets of doors on either side that seem to lead to nowhere, and the kicker is that there's no stairs leading to the doors which are 3 to 4 feet off the balcony floor. I know I've just accidentally stepped into a Kafka novel. I don't remember it being like that as a kid. After

wandering around the Sanctuary, climbing into the steel baptism pool on the stage behind the alter, I find a flight of stairs going up behind a door. The stairs lead me to the balcony and now I'm standing 20 feet above the pews below. This is where the choir would stand to sing...it doesn't look as if anything's been done up there in a while, especially cleaning.

At this point I figure that the strange doors hovering a good yard above the floor must lead up to the bell tower somehow since that's all that I can imagine is above us.

Never limit your imagination.

Holding on to the door handle I hoist myself up onto a platform in front of the door that slants down at a 45 degree angle and meets up with the top of the balcony railing. If that doesn't conjure an image, let me try to clarify by simply saying that if I lost my grip on the door handle I'd probably slip down the slanted platform and fall to the Sanctuary twenty feet below.

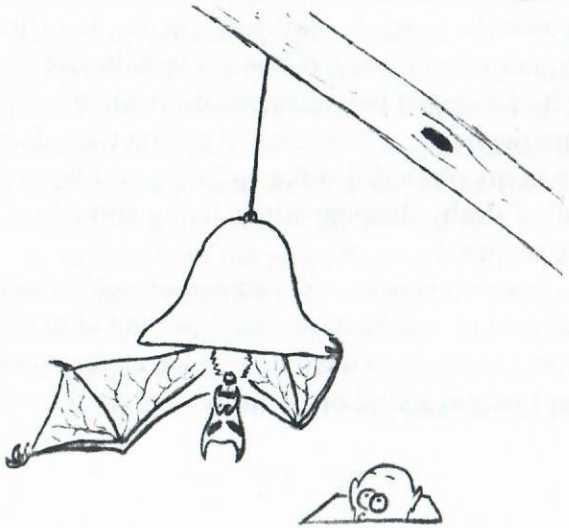
Opening the door revealed a very old, dusty, thin wooden flight of stairs leading up. I crawled up them into the darkness, climbing with my hands due to the steps being very steep. I was starting to feel rather Ninjalicious (he does an awesome zine on being places you're not supposed to be...Infiltration, Box 66069, Town Centre PO, Pickering Ontario L1V 6P7 Canada - $2). However, the romantic fantasies come to a halt when I realized the half inch of dirt I'd been putting my hands in on the steps wasn't actually dirt but accumulated bird and bat shit that had hardened and gotten dusty over the years. I enjoy potty humor, but I'm really not big into feces, not when I come in contact with it. But even worse, I have a bit of a fear of bats. It stems from when I was a kid and they'd get into the house. For some evil reason they always seemed to end up in my room. I'd wake up in the middle of the night to the sound of fleshy flapping wings flying about just a couple feet above my head.

But I'm a grown boy now, so I just wet myself, whimpered for a bit and continued on. Light started to show and at the top of the stairs I realized it came from a window in the eaves. Looking around, I saw that I was in a kind of small room about 15' by 15'.

Its most prominent features were a rope coming up out of a hole in the floor, pulled taught up through a hole in the ceiling. The other feature was a very narrow (maybe a foot across) flight of steps leading yet even further up. I couldn't believe that there was more to this place. I was most definitely thinking about how high up in this rickety tower I was getting and that didn't help.

But awe overtook my fear as I realized this was the room from my dad's stories. I've heard numerous times his story of how when he was a young skinny lad, he and the other boys had the job of ringing the bell during church by pulling on the rope that hung right in front of me now. They would actually ride the rope up to the ceiling, because the weight of the swinging bell above would pull a small child up along with the rope. He said that he was always afraid he'd get his hands caught in the ceiling hole if he held on too long. I wanted to try, but I was afraid the ringing bell would draw attention and I probably shouldn't have been up there in the first place.

I did go up into the bell tower though. Walking up those tiny, thin-ass steps was so scary. They creaked and shook back and forth. I tried to put as little weight on them as possible. I didn't spend much time up there. The floor boards felt like they'd give out at any moment and the air was stifled by dust and feces, plus I couldn't see well. Christ, I barely remember what it looked like up there. Which is almost as sad as when my girlfriend climbed up and down Mt Fuji and now she doesn't remember a thing about it.



Chowda Reviews

What can I say, I'm a reviewy kinda guy. Ain't got no zine reviews or movie previews, so obviously clam chowder would be the next logical step in the review chain of command. You may remember the cover of the first Mr.Peebody was covered with New England clam chowder cans. It's kind of a staple soup around these here parts. It sounds gross, but believe me it's not bad. Hell, I hate clams as much as the next sane person, but this is the one format in which I can tolerate the taste. If you haven't already, give it a shot.

(Rated on a scale of one to four asterisks)

E.J.Marrone's (Leominster, MA/978-537-6029): Nice rich flavor, but not too many clams and most of the potato chunks were fucking huge. **1/2

Monty's Garden (Leominster, MA/978-537-6302): This is where my girlfriend works. The chowder has a decent thickness with a good flavor consistency. Though the clams weren't terribly present. **1/2

99 Restaurant (Fitchburg, MA/978-343-0099): Not a traditional clam chowda, this is more a seafood chowda. So the great bouquet of aroma and flavor are tarnished by it's very facade. I'm docking it one full point for that reason. **

The Bootlegger Restaurant & Lounge (Lunenburg, MA/978-342-7711): This is the restaurant that sits across the street from my store. As far as their chowder goes...read the entry for the 99. **

Campbell's Soup New England Clam Chowder: Strangely enough I didn't try clam chowder until I moved to California and Campbell's was my introduction. As bland as most canned soups. Good for emergencies, but not recommended for the hearty chowda head. *1/2

Gourmet Brunch (Hyannis, MA): The owner of this place commonly yells at his customers and that's pretty entertaining. The chowda is only just slightly too runny and the near complete lack of potatoes was sad, but hells-a-good flavor and dude, we're talkin' clam city! ***

SHITSBURG, USA

I really didn't think I'd be living in Fitchburg...or maybe I should say, I was hoping I'd never end up here.

I unfondly call it Shitsburg and that's what it is to me, one hell of a shitty town. It's a deadend, go nowhere kinda place. Burned-out factories, abandoned stores, junkies everywhere. The ratio of toothless people here has got to be in the top 5 percentile nationwide. Lacking a worthwhile existence, the people are constantly turning to the bottle. For example, a couple weeks ago I was in the bank standing next to a woman who was dumping her change out on to the counter. She looked a bit haggard, her features worn from mistreating her body. The typical local. The teller counted the pennies, nickels and dimes to a total of $3.15 and asked "What do you want to do with this?" To which the woman replied "Give me cash." How odd I thought, to bother coming to the bank to exchange $3 worth of change into three one dollar bills. As I was leaving I noticed the woman walking across the parking lot directly toward the liquor store, which she did indeed enter. Amazing, I thought, she had taken extra time and effort to cash in her change so she wouldn't have to buy her booze with pennies, nickels and dimes, and possibly be embarrassed in front of the liquor store clerk, who's probably her only friend in the world.

Fitchburg has about 50,000 people in it and offers about two different entertainment possibilities, the movies and bowling...and one of the two bowling alleys just went out of business. Now I love bowling just a bit more than the next guy, but everyone's got their limits. And the movie theater only plays the top 10 most popular flicks of the moment. So you're assured to never see anything remotely challenging. And oh yes, if you like music you either have to go to the mall in the next town over and pay their ridiculous prices or go to the only used cd shop in the area where the selection sucks and the owner is a total prick...oh wait, that's me.

Main Street used to be a busy business district. Now it's a dreary lane of rundown abandoned store fronts with the occasional thriving bar or struggling store. I've been told by city planning officials that they're trying to revitalize and renovate the downtown area. Good luck.

Why am I here? This is no place to spend your life. This is the sort of place where the girls who got pregnant in high school end up, or the guys from the football team who have no ambition beyond working at the local hardware store and getting drunk and picking up chicks on Friday night. This is where people live since the rents are cheap, cuz no one wants to be here. This place breeds ignorant townies who grow up thinking that having a fine car with a kickin' stereo is what life's all about. This place breeds ignorant townies who grow up thinking that having a fine man that can provide for their hair and nail needs is what life's all about. This place breeds illegitimate children who grow up knowing they're unwanted, knowing there's nothing for them, so they grab what they can get.

This place was once a thriving industrial town. But it's not the industrial age anymore.

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9.People trying to sell me things that have nothing to do with music (i.e. leather jackets, car stereos, speakers, video games, paintball guns, etc.)

10. Salesmen who refuse to tell you how much the thing is that their trying to sell you.

11. People who refuse to use the customer's listening station and make you sample CDs for them over the store speakers.

12. Music geeks that have no friends, so they talk your ear off cuz you're a captive audience.

13. Old people who call CDs cassettes.

14. Middle-aged people who you think are calling CDs cassettes, but actually they are just looking for cassettes.

15. People who are looking to sell their shitty old CDs but want to get top dollar for them.

OPEN YOUR OWN BUSINESS TODAY!

Since opening my own store people have asked my advice and questioned me on how I managed to do it. My answer has always been quite simply: mob ties.

Opening your own business and maintaining it isn't always an easy thing and of course it also depends on what kind of business you're talking about. Money is usually the biggest deterrent. But if you're going into business just for the money, you're going into business for the wrong reason. Regardless, the start up costs are what often holds people back. I was lucky enough to have family from which to borrow a relatively small loan. I don't think I would've had much luck at a bank. My credit is fine, but without anything to put down on it, I don't imagine any bank would be interested in getting involved with my situation.

Because I was opening a primarily used CD store, I didn't have to invest much money and stretch my neck out on the chopping block. So it's hard for me to tell everyone to just go for it. It was worth it for me. I believe if you find yourself daydreaming enough about being your own boss, you should probably give it a shot. However debt is an evil. I personally hate to owe anyone anything. So consider the hole you'll be digging yourself and make sure it's not too deep that you can't get back out. And for christ sake educate yourself! Get books on opening a business. Learn as much as you can about the specific type of business you're looking to get into. Consider all sides. If possible talk to people who have started businesses. Use whatever resources are out there...the internet, the local Chamber of Commerce, the library. Learn muthafucka, LEARN!

The legalities of opening a business is bloody freakin' boring and it changes from state to state, so I can't help you out much there. But taking a class would definitely help. Sometimes local community colleges will host day seminars on opening small businesses. They're usually fairly cheap. I took one while I was out in California. I think it cost $35 dollars. I'd learned about it when the college sent me out one of those mass-mailed flyers that tells you about the classes they offer open to the public for the upcoming semester that everyone usually throws away. And if that doesn't help, as I mentioned before, the internet or books will probably give you the basics. Actually most of the IRS and state forms that you need can be found in those places as well. That's where I got them.

Some the paperwork is easy, some of it isn't. If memory serves me correct, the Federal (IRS) forms for the US Government were quite simple and free to file. The state (Taxachusetts for me) forms were not so easy. They're the ones that are picky about knowing exactly what you are doing. The Feds don't care, as long as they get their money from the state. And oh yes, the town that your business will be located in is just as ridiculous as the state. They'll want you to sign numerous forms and there will be fees attached. And if it's a small town, the clerks will have no idea what forms you need or where they could possibly be.

The most annoying thing about opening your own place is the timing of it all. See, you want to pick out a good location and chances are you'll be renting from a landlord. But you can't sign a lease with them until you get insurance forms from your agent. But you can't get the forms from your agent until you have a business address. So you've got to tell your agent that, yes, you are renting from so-and-so and hope that you do indeed get that spot. Sounds about as fucked up as the myth of Sisyphus, doesn't it? Well, the way around that little catch22 is to sign a "letter of intent" will the landlord which binds you and them into a temporary agreement saying that they will not lease it out to someone for the time being. The landlord will undoubtedly want some compensation for this. Usually the agreement lasts for about a month, which is enough time to get the forms filled out. But don't waste any time. The period during which you get the paperwork done in should be quite quick. Oh yeah, that's another thing...You'll be needing a Federal Identification Number (sometimes abbreviated as FIN) which takes weeks to receive. This will exempt you from paying taxes when dealing with other businesses, plus you'll also be able to buy wholesale from distributors.Almost everyone will need to know what your FIN is. So send in the form for that as soon you're just about 100% sure you've nailed down the business location. So yeah, you'll need to know where the place will be so you can get your FIN which you'll need for your prospective landlord so you can get your insurance so you can then sign your lease for the place. And somewhere in there you need to fill out state and town forms as well, but not until you've gotten that FIN and location nailed down. Fuckin' convoluted, wouldn't you say?

FISHY...FISHY...FISHY

Cherry doesn't eat red meat or chicken, but she will eat fish. Unfortunately fish can be expensive and we don't have a bunch of cash. However, I do know how to catch fish. I'm not an avid fisherman mind you, but I have enjoyed the pastime, sport, job, whatever-you-want-to-call-it in the past. In New England lakes, ponds, rivers and streams are abundant. When I was a kid me and my dad use to go quite a bit. But I hadn't been in sometime until just recently when I decided to save Cherry and I some clams by sneaking down behind the Baptist church, mentioned elsewhere in this issue, to the Squannacook River.

As mentioned, it'd been a while since the last time I'd been and well, I'd forgotten just what a pain in the ass it can be. It's almost never the relaxing time it supposedly is supposed to be.

First off, as I stepped into the woods the mosquitoes started feasting on me. Luckily, I was smart enough to wear long pants and bring along my hooded sweatshirt, otherwise my bald head would've looked like an extroverted golf ball.

Just as I was getting the insect plague under control and I was standing by the narrow river, the line on my reel started unraveling and getting caught on whatever branch it could find. Then once I got that all wound up, I realized my lead weight had already slipped off. And of course only a few people I know like being stuck thru with hooks, the worm wasn't one of them. So his slippery body wiggled into action and I had a bugger of a time suiting him out for his big date with Fishy.

Finally I'd gotten everything in order and as I cast in my line I got ready for the long wait, but even that wasn't going to go right this time as I immediately got a bite and pulled in a nice little brook trout. Nothing like actually catching a fish to ease up the tension of fishing. Unfortunately, my luck dried up quickly as I spent the next hour of so drowning worms and thrashing thru the prickery underbrush while being bled by mosquitoes in my search for greener waters.

Finally I came upon some dead water with some nice weed

patches. This would be where I made my final stand. It had to be...I was down to two puny worms, the kind that are so small you can barely get them on the hook. The Kate Mosses of the worm species. They were so small I didn't really have much hope of the fish actually being able to even see them, and I considered setting them free, but I was getting desperate. Too bad for the worms. They were too young to die, but they bit it for a good cause as I hit a mini jackpot in that weedy hole, pulling out another brooky with my first cast. On my second cast, using the weeniest worm of the lot, I landed a marvelous two pound brown trout.

I was pretty happy with my catch. Three nice fish on little more than a dozen worms. Not bad for a guy who was infamously known in his youth as a chronic worm drowner. I must of been pleased cuz cutting the guts out of those stinky things didn't hardly bother me.

I was pretty excited about bringing home fish for Cherry and was only slightly off-put when she barely touched the stuff. Guess I didn't cook it enough for her tastes...of course, she does eat sushi. Oh well, that didn't bother me as much as when I found out the very next day that mosquitoes carrying malaria had been found in the swamps near the very area I had just been.

Well, that's it. Thanks for reading. And remember there's always back issues. Plus I'm working on a bunch of other junk. So send a few bucks or some fun stuff and I'll fill your mailbox with crap to read. Oh, and tune in next time to find out why I'm moving back to California.

Jay Koivu
Po Box 22
W.Townsend, MA
01474

Send me on a southbound train to: